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Ask any service man what gifts are most appreciated and you'll find that a Billfold, Cigarette Case and a Lighter are high on the list of most wanted and most useful articles. Imagine how pleased any boy would be to receive all three at one time in a matching set such as this. A gift to last for years and one he'll remember always.

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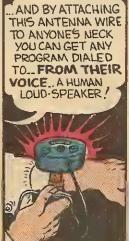
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SPARIS MAINS

26.











FASTENING THE WIRE
TO YOUR NECK WITH
ADHESIVE TAPE WILL
ELIMINATE ANY
POSSIBLE INJURY

OUT DOORS.





























I KNOW YOU'LL UNDERSTAND, DOC-THEY ACCUSE ME OF TRYING TO ROB THE "OLD FOLKS HOME", BUT IT ACTUALLY WAS A "CRIME STORY" I DIALED TO ON MY WRIST RADIO. HEARING IT FROM MY VOICE, THEY THOUGHT IT A REAL JOB



















































MORE
OF
SPARKY
WATTS
IN
THE
NEXT
ISSUE!
SAVE
ALL
YOUR
WASTE
PAPER!

11'S NEW, The Amazing Managing Managing

AT LAST! Here is the American Commando NO BATTERIES LITE-GLO that thousands of boys and girls have NO BULBS... been waiting for. Every real American boy or girl sbould have one. This eerie LITE-GLO works with-Yet You Can out bulbs or batteries. It glows in the dark, emitting "GLO-SPOT" a faint spooky glow that enables you to spot different any object objects. Its mystery glow is so soft you can see objects but your light cannot be seen by the "enemy." in the You can signal by use of semaphore chart we give dark you free and have lots of fun. Many like to carry the LITE-GLO when wearing their Sailor or Soldier suits. This also makes an excellent emergency night light. Be the first in your neigh-WORKS BY THE MYSTERY FOR EMERGENCIES!

WORKS BY NIGHT WE EVERY BOY AND GIRL

A FINE NIGHT WE EVERY BOY AND GIRL borhood to get one. FOR EVERY BOY AND GIRL! YT AND EASY TO. USE! 2.55 EVERY DAY USES! YOURS TODAY! MARYELOUS FOR SIGNATING SEMAPHORE CHART FREE

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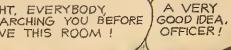
MATTER OF FACT, THERE'S NOT MUCH I REALLY
COULD DO RIGHT NOW ... EVEN
AS SKYMAN ... EXCEPT.
KEEP MY EYES OPEN.



GUESS WE DON'T HAVE TO SEARCH YOU, MISS FAWN, NOR YOU, MR TURNER. IT'S JUST



ALL RIGHT, EVERYBODY, WE'RE SEARCHING YOU BEFORE YOU LEAVE THIS ROOM!





OKAY BY ME, POC. BUT ME ALL RIGHT, MISTER. NEVER SEEN YOUR FACE BE-



THE VIGILANCE LETS GET OUT OF THE LAW CAR, REMARKABLE! FAWN.



WISH I COULD TAKE FAVYN HOME AND GET BACK TO SEE IF I COULDN'T TURN UP SOMETHING ON THIS ROBBERY...

SKYMAN!

NO. I INSIST ALLEN -WHAT YOU NEED AFTER ALL THIS EXCITEMENT IS AN ICE CREAM SODA

















SOMETHING TELLS ME
THERE'S A CONNECTION
BETWEEN THE ROBBERY
OF THAT NECKLACE AND
THE ROUGH STUFFAT THE
SODA FOUNTAIN, AND
UNLESS I MISS MY GLESS,
THAVE ANOTHER VISIT
FROM THOSE GENTS!

OUT ANY HANDICAPS, IT'S JUST AS WELL THAT ALLEN TURNER YIELDS TO HIS BETTER SELF-

SKYMAN!





A SUIT OF ARMOR SAY, MAYBE I CAN BE FAWN S KNIGHT IN ARMOR AFTER ALL





WELL, NOW THAT WE'RE IN THE DUMP, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? **UPSTAIRS** I GUESS!



WHATSAMATTER WITH YOU, HEI-STER? NOTHIN! HIT YOU...THAT'S ONLY AN OLD SUIT OF ARMOR

YA --SOME-THING SWATTED ME

















JOE PALOOKA

























JOE PALOOKA

























JOE PALOOKA



















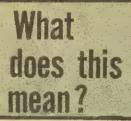






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PIXIE AND
ROSAMOND
WOULD LIKE
TO STIR UP
A ROMANCE
BETWEEN
MAS OLD BEAU
AND
ROSAMOND'S
AUNT....









BUT DIXIE DOESN'T GIVE UP AN IDEA SO EASILY!



COME ON, TOOTS, WE'VE
GOT WORKTO DO BEFORE
THEY GET BACK - WE'RE
GONNA SET A STAGE FOR
A REAL LIFE DRAMA CALLED
'ELDERLY BOY MEETS
ELDERLY GIRL"

BIG-SHOT













AT ROSAMONDS ADARTMENT





































































WHAT'S THE BIG SURPRISE MICKEY HAS IN STORE ? MORE IN THE NEXT ISSUE

BRASS KMUCKLES









































THE PARTY REALLY DOESN'T GET JUMPING UNTIL AFTER MIDNIGHT.

















HUGO WILBERT frowned when the doorbell rang. Like all true artists, he hated to be interrupted when in the throes of inspiration, and at the moment he was putting the last touches to the beard ha was penciling on his wallet photo of Miss Tallulah O'Milligan.

"Will you see who's at the front door?" said Tallulah's lovely voice from upstairs. "Mother's busy fixing Pop's eye and apologizing for not knowing her fist was loaded."

Hugo shoved Tallulah's photo back into his wallet, with a last look to satisfy his suspicion that Tallulah did bear a strong family resemblance to her late great-grand-uncle, Corporal Timothy O'Milligan of the Virginia O'Milligans and the Confederate Army, whose daguerretoype was one of the horrors of the O'Milligan family album. The beard made all the difference, Hugo decided with a shudder.

The bell rang again, impatiently.

"Keep your shirt on!" Hugo muttered, and opened the door.

On the doorstep stood what Hugo first mistook for the battleship Washington. A second glance, however, revealed that it was a six-foot-five sailor with a chest like a gun turret and a face to match.

"Ring out the glad tidings," said the Navy, pushing Hugo aside and steaming into the living room. "Home is the sailor, home from the sea. Shout the happy news for which Tallulah's dear little heart palpitates: Deep Sea McGillicadhy is in port again!"

Hugo petulantly closed the front door. "I-I have a date-" he began to pretest

Deep Sea McGillicadhy considered this information irrelevant, but was willing to engage in a little chitchat.

"That's nice." He regarded Hugo with benevolent if somewhat gorilla-like eyes. "I hope you have a good time. But isn't Veronica a little young to be going out with boys?"

Veronica was Tallulah's sister, aged ten.

Hugo's voice quavered off-key as he tried to clear up the misunderstanding. "My date is with Tallulah. She is upstairs powdering her nose. As soon as she comes down, she and I are going out." By way of explanation and emphasis, he added tremulously: "We have a date."

Deep Sea tut-tutted sympathetically. "Too bad you must break it. But cheer up—there are lots of other nice girls."

"I don't want to go out with lots of other nice girls.

I want to go out with Tallulah."

Deep Sea cracked his knuckles. They gave off an ominous, rapid-fire sound that reminded Hugo of the newsreels he had seen of the United States fleet bombarding the coast of Japan.

"I will not be intimidated," Hugo said, but his voica lacked conviction.

Deep Sea, now out of cracked knuckles, was about to try something else, something pretty horrible having to do with knitted brows, bloodshot eyes, and throaty growlings through bared fangs, when a lovely voice interrupted:

"Deep Sea! When did your ferry-boat get in? Why didn't you phone you were coming?"

Hugo recognized the voice, so cheerful and chummy, as that of his beloved, and he was annoyed. He turned with a scowl to see her descending the staircase.

Deep Sea met tha radiant Tallulah halfway up tha stairs, enfolded her in his boa-constrictor arms, and tenderly touched her lips with a kiss that went off as quietly as a nine-inch gun.

"It's a military secret. Don't tell anyone," Deep Sea told her in a whisper that had frequently been heard above a naval cannonading of the Japanese home islands. "The Washington dropped anchor in the Brooklyn Navy Yard only a couple of hours ago. I came as 'quickly as I could slip past the Shore Patrol."

Wounded to the depths of his sensitive soul, Hugo ascended the stairs and looked reproachfully at Tallulah. His eyes met hers under Deep Sea's elbow."

"I was telling Mister Deep Sea McGillicadhy that you and I are going out right away," he said.

"Oh . . ." Her big, glamorous green eyes clouded. "Hugo and I do have a date," Tallulah told Deep Sea; then turned hopefully to Hugo. "— Unless he wants to call it off."

Hugo was shocked.

"Yeah, Hugo, call it off," coaxed Deep Sea.

"No," Hugo said, stoutly. "A thousand times no."

Following him downstairs, Deep Sea curled a finger around Hugo's tie. "Maybe I could just sort of tag along, eh?"

Hugo tried to free his tie, but the finger held like a steel bear-trap.. "We will all go out together," Deep Sea went on soothingly. "It'll be just like a double date"

The tie tightened tibe a hangman's noose.

"That would be swell," Hugo gulped, and the till loosened. "It's too bad we can't do it." Hugo tried to inject a touch of regret into his voice.

"Why not?" Deep Sea demanded.

"Because Tallulah and I are going to the Miss It and Pay a Forfeit radio show, and I have only two tickets."

Hugo could not restrain a triumphant smile. But Deep Sea's next words wiped it off.

"Then it's all settled, pal!" Deep Sea roared, slapping Hugo on the back with a flounder-like hand that joited loose fifteen vertebrae. "The USO gave me an Annie Oakley for that show. And I was wondering what to do with it when nobody would buy it!"

ALL DURING the subway ride to Radio City, Hugo

BIG SHOT .

fumed. He disliked the loathsome way Deep Sea held Tallulah's hand, and he disliked still more the loathsome enjoyment that Tallulah seemed to take from Deep Sea's obnoxious attentions.

There was one bright hope, however. Anything could happen on the Miss It and Pay a Forfeit show; usually the results were comically gruesome. A faint smile lifted the corners of Hugo's mouth as he envisioned Deep Sea, having failed to answer the difference between a Communist and a Rhode Island Red, being obliged to dive from a fifty-foot ladder into a cauldron of boiling oil.

From this pleesant reverie Hugo was aroused by an enbow that nudged him as gently as a battering-ram.

"Hey, chum! That's you!"

Turning to Deep Sea, who was regarding him with the affability of a man-eating gorilla, Hugo reelized with a shock that he was sitting in the radio theater, where the show was already in progress. By degrees he learned that upon entering the theeter he had been given a ticket with a number; and that the Quiz Master, a thin, bald fellow in a white tuxedo, had just called out that number, which made Hugo one of the contestants, or, as the Quiz Master said with a toothy snicker, "one of the victims."

What Hugo never found out was that Deep Sea, on pretense of confirming the number, had switched tickets with him.

"You take the ticket," Hugo bleated, "I don't want to go up there!"

"Don't be a fuddy-duddy," said Tallulah, who sat on the opposite side of Deep See.

"Yeah, be a man," coaxed Deep Sea. "Go on up!"

The Quiz Master leened across the footlights, shielding his eyes like a cigar store Indian. "Who's got number 497? Will number 497 please stand up, so the Red Devils, those happy trade merks of Devlin Soap, can escort lucky you to the stage?"

Hugo tried to shrink his trembling form into the red plush seat of his chair, and averted his eyes from the five fantastic figures in red who were walking up and down the aisles searching for number 497.

"Go on up." muttered Deep Sea, nudging Hugo bodily out of his seat.

"Shhhhhh!" Hugo pleaded. "Be quiet and nobody will know it's me."

"HERE HE IS!" Deep Sea shouted. "HERE IS NUMBER 497!"

"WHAT'S GOING to happen to you," said the Quiz Master, flashing his sbarp white teeth, "shouldn't happen even to Hirohito. You haven't a ghost of a chance"

The audience roared. Hugo stood trembling beside the microphone, his tortured eyes revolted by what they sew beyond the footlights. Deep Sea was convulsed with laughter; Hugo had expected that. What he hadn't expected was that sweet, lovely Tallulah would be so obviously filled with merriment at his misery.

"Answer this, and you'll receive a twenty-five-cent war stamp Miss it and——" The Quiz Master's voice trailed off in an evil snicker. "Now listen very carefully, Mister Wilbert, because 1 cannot repeat the question... What is the quotient of twenty-soup upsulah on the rillerrah'?"

Hugo opened his mouth. Immediately cowbells rang and foghorns bellowed,

"YOU MISSED!" the Quiz Master roared above the gales of laughter, and grabbed Hugo's shoulder so he couldn't get away. "Now you've got to pay a torteit!"

Dazed and bewildered, Hugo stared helplessly over the footlights. Deep Sea had bis arm around Tallulah, and both were laughing in a manner most repulsive.

The Quiz Master clapped his hands. "Red Devilsl Take off all this man's clothes!"

Hugo shrank within himself. The audience rolled in the aisles with glee.

"Behind that screen, of course," the Quiz Master added. "And dress him in the expensive costume of knightly raiment that you'll find there! Meanwhile, our announcer will tell us about the virtues of Devlin Soap, 'The Soap that Sinks.'"

ONE MINUTE LATER, Hugo again stood in the center of the stage, a glaring white spotlight pittlessly revealing his skinny frame draped in an oversized night-shirt.

The theater rocked with laughter. Hugo wondered what those fools found so funny. By now he had completely revised his opinion of the show, and if you had asked him what he thought of that rollicking half-hour on the air, Miss It and Pay a Forleit, Hugo would have replied, "It stinks!" He was resolved, moreover, never again to wash his bands with the products of the Devlin Soap Company, which sponsored the program.

"You look beautiful!" exclaimed the Quiz Master.

The audience laughed long and loud. And Tallulah, it seemed to Hugo's pained ears, laughed longest and loudest of all, with Deep Sea running her a close second.

Hugo tried to move out of the circle of spotlight and promptly tripped on the hem of the nightshirt, which trailed along the floor. One of the Red Devils aided him to his feet with a touch of an electrically charged pitchfork. Sweet Tallulah nearly fell off her seat from laughing; Hugo wished she had

"The question now, Mister Wilbert, is when is a nightshirt not a nightshirt?"

Hugo sagged weakly. He did not try to answer

"When it's a shroud!" the Quiz Master wheezed. "I said you didn't have a ghost of a chance. But you are going to have a chence to be a ghost! Mister Wilbert, you're going to haunt a house!"

A Red Devil pinned a big round badge on the nightshirt. "That's your haunting license," the Quiz Master quipped.

Another Red Devil shaved ten years off Hugo's life by suddenly thrusting in front of him a monstrous grey skull with fiery red eyes.

The Quiz Master chuckled. "Don't be afraid! It's only a papier-mache mask with electric eyes. Later on you may meet the real thing!"

Then two Red Devils clamped the grotesque mask down over Hugo's head, nearly slicing off his ears, and ran him down the laughing aisles out of the crowdad theater.

"You're a riot, kid!" Deep Sea yelled as Hugo galloped past. "Don't worry about Tallulah — I'll look jafter her!"

Next Issue—Hugo's Hilarious Adventures in the Haunted House



WHILE YANK AND PANAS USE COL. TACHI'S CAR TO HIJACK A TRUCKLOAD OF JAP QUININE, WANDA FEIGNS A SPRAINED ANKLE TO PREVENT THE DRUNKEN NIP FROM DISCOVERING THAT HIS CAR IS MISSING.

N PRETENSE OF RENDERING FIRST AID, TACH! TAKES HER TO HIS QUARTERS...





































YOU ARE CLEVER AS WELL AS
BEAUTIFUL, NALA... MAESTRO
PANAS! WE STOP HERE FOR NIGHT
-HAVE YOUR THIEVING SCOUNDRELS
CARRY BALES INTO THAT
OLD "GODOWN" OUT ON PIER!





































































EVERY ISSUE OF BIG SHOT.



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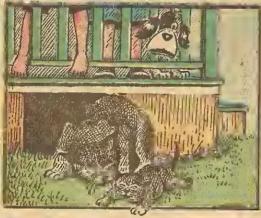


YIPPEE THEY'RE OUT --- OH, MOM! WANT TO SEE SOMETHING?

DO 15 GETTING QUITE THE CAT WHICH HAS MADE HERSELF AT HOME UNDER THE PORCH... AND TO MAKE MATTERS WORSE SHE HAS KITTENS





































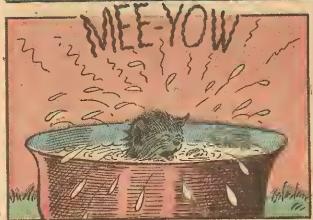
























WELLPUSSY WON
THE FIRST
ROUND
BUTMORE IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE











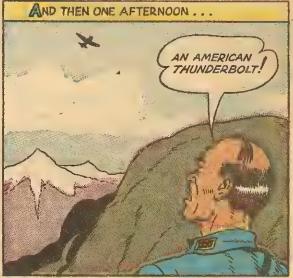




















































TELL THE AMERICAN
WARBIRDS THAT THEY
MAY NOT COME TO
EARTH IN OUR PROVINCE
...THAT I AM TOO
PREOCCUPIED WITH
MILITARY MATTERS
TO GRANT ANY
INTERVIEWS...







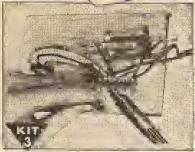
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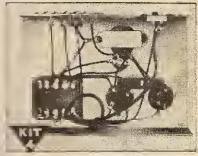
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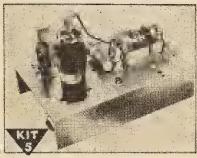
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The set parts to build this Vacuum Tube Pack, make changes which give experience with packs of many kinds have to certeet power pack troubles.



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Father for Trained Men is Bright

* Table, Television, Electronics

NOW. Fixing Radios

2 NOW. Fixing Radios

2 NOW. Fixing Radios

2 NOW. Fixing Radios

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10 Now

Course Includes Training in
Extended - ELECTRONICS
FREEDENCY MODULATION

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc Think of the boom coming when new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television, FM, Electronics, can be offered to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. SMN, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

Our 31st Yea	r of Training Men for Su	ccess in Radio	
Good	for Both-FREE		Wim Rich to The Resuments in Duction
Mational Radio Mail me Fl sample les salesman w	SMITH, Pres., Dept. 5MN Institute, Washington 9, D. C. REE, without obligation, your son and 64-page book. (No ill call. Please write plainly.)	GETTING ACCOUNTED NOTIFICATION OF SERVICING	1000
Name . Address.	***************************************	Age	
City.	ZoneS	tate4FR	

The Insult "CHUMP" Into CHAMP



HEY, SUGAR, WHY HUMAN SKELETON AND GET A REAL MAN

SEE HERE, YOU BETTER SHUT UP OR I'LL

YOU'LL WHAT - OH, JOE, WHEN

ARE YOU GOING TO GROW UP AND BEA MANA

DOGGONE! I'M FED UP WITH BEING A WEAKLING-I'LL GET CHARLES ATLAS'S FREE BOOK AND FIND OUT WHAT HE CAN DO FOR ME /

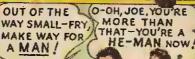


GOLLY; ATLAS BUILDS MUSCLES FAST/JUST WATCH MY SMOKE NOW!



ONE HAND IS AS GOOD AS TWO WHEN YOU'RE AN ATLAS CHAMP

THERE GOES THE BELL -JOE, YOU'RE WONDERFUL





I Can Make YOU A New Man, Too in Only 15 Minutes a Day!

AVE YOU over felt like Joe—absolutely fed up with having bigger haskier fel-lows "pask you around"? If you have, then give me just 15 minutes a day! I'LL PROVE you can have a body you'll be packed with redblooded vitality!

"Dynamic Tension." That's the secret! That's how I changed myself from a scrawny, 87-pound weakling to winner of the title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

"Dynamic Tension" Doos It!

Using "Dynamic Tension" only 15 minutes Using "Dynamic Tamben" only in minutes a day, in the privacy of your own room, you quickly begin to put on muscle, increase your chest measurements, broaden your back, all out your arms and legs. This easy, NATURAL method will make you a finer specimen of REAL MANHOOD than you ever dreamed you could be!

You Got Results FAST

Almost before you realize it, you will notice general "toning up" of your entire system! You will have more pep, bright eyes, clear

head, real spring and zip in your step! You get sledge-hammer fists, a battering ram punch-chest and back muscles so big they almost spitt your cost seams-ridges of solid stomach muscle-mighty legs that never get tired. You're a New Man!

FREE BOOK

Thousands of fellows have used my marrelous system. Read what they say-they look before and after—in a my "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Send NOW for this book-FREE. It tells

all about "Dynamic Ten-sien," shows you actual photos of men I've turned photos of men I've turned from puny weaklings into Atlas Champlons. It tells how I can do the same for YOU. Don't put it off Address me person-ally, Chartes Atlas, De-teriment 3291, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 19, New York New York.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 32911 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

actual photo of the man who holds the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Devel-oped Man,"

I went the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tansion" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name							
(Please	print	or	write	plainly)	

Address.... City.....State.....

Check here if under 16 for Booklet A